

THE DAYSPRING.

"The dayspring from on high hath visited us."

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GOING TO CHURCH.

I WANT to talk to you seriously, dear scholars, about going to church. You know how much I care for Sunday school : so you will not suspect me of doing any thing to keep you from that. But I do think any strong, healthy child is fully able to give one hour and a half to church, and yet be perfectly bright for the one hour of Sunday school. Indeed, it is enough to make one laugh to hear a stout boy or girl plead a headache for staying from church, when he or she has health enough of a week-day, not only to go to school for hours, but to racket about the rest of the time.

There is every thing in habit. Form the habit of going, and you will like to go ; and, besides, it will be a very pleasant memory, that you filled the pew, together with your parents and brothers and sisters, when in after-life you may be scattered far and wide.

I do not mean to say that it is not possible to be religious at home ; that you cannot go to church in your heart. I have in mind an aged woman, one of God's saints, who for many years has been bed-ridden, who has listened to the church-bells summoning others where she would gladly have gone herself. Listen to what your hearts say of her patience and faith, and then ask yourselves if there can be any doubt, that, during the hours sacred to public worship, she has prayed, and made melody which angels have listened to, and borne up on their strong wings to the throne of grace?

There are invalid young persons, too, who watch with longing eye the passers-by on their way to church, where they were once so happy to go. Such a longing, weary time may come to you. Do not make it more bitter by the thought, "When

I could go, I did not." Almost always there is something to interest even a child in the sermon ; that is, if the child gives his attention : the hymns and the prayers cannot fail to do you good. I do not remember that I was ever urged to go to church. I liked to go ; and almost always went in the afternoon as well as the morning, Sunday school being before morning service. I was none the worse for these *three* services. I formed the habit as a child ; and it is a habit with me still, and more than a habit,—a privilege.

Be sure I speak the words of soberness and truth, when I say, that what will best equip you for life's duties ; make you fearless when summoned by Death's angel, because heaven has been opened to you on earth, is attention to the public as well as the private ordinances of religion.

Go to church, I beg of you, as well as to the Sunday school.

THESE ALL WAIT UPON GOD.

EVERY THING seemed to repeat the message of the morning. The tide, as it obeyed God's command, and went back now farther and farther from the sandy beach ; the sun, as he sank below the horizon at the appointed time ; the birds, as they flew landward to seek their nests,—in the perfection of their lives, the completeness of their obedience, they were waiting upon God ; and so the realm of nature is never disturbed. Margery thought of the mistakes of the world ; the errors in judgment ; the neglect of duty, and the crime ; of the shortcomings of her own life, and its constant failures ; and she felt humbled before all the inanimate creation about her.

"The Odd One."

LITTLE NANNIE.

FAWN-FOOTED Nannie,
Where have you been?
"Chasing the sunbeams
Into the glen;
Plunging through silver lakes
After the moon;
Tracking o'er meadows
The footsteps of June."

Sunny-eyed Nannie,
What did you see?
"Saw the jays sewing
Green leaves on a tree;
Saw the waves counting
The eyes of the stars;
Saw cloud-lambs sleeping
By sunset's red bars."

Listening Nannie,
What did you hear?
"Heard the rain asking
A rose to appear;
Heard the woods tell
When the wind whistled wrong;
Heard the stream flow
Where the bird drinks his song."

Nannie, dear Nannie,
Oh! take me with you,
To run and to listen,
And see as you do.
"Nay, nay: you must borrow
My ear and my eye,
Or the beauty will vanish,
The music will die."

Little Gems.

GEORGE'S TEMPTATION.

GEORGE was Dr. Bartram's errand-boy. One day, when he went to see his mother, he found his little sister Nellie sick. She grew very sick. The doctor visited her, and George often ran down to see how she was. He loved her dearly, and it grieved him to see her in pain. Nelly wished for an orange.

"Give me the money, mother, and I will run and buy her one," said George.

"I have no money in the house," said his mother; "dear Nelly must wait."

"Nelly would not long be without oranges if I had money," thought George, as he walked back to Dr. Bartram's.

The doctor sent him into the dining-room to get a paper, and what was the first thing he saw but a dish of fine oranges on the sideboard! Oranges! oranges!

"I *must* have one," thought George: "they will never miss *one*, and I can carry it to Nelly when I go down the street." He stopped, and could not keep his eyes off them. He was strongly tempted to take one. "It is not for *myself*," he said. That was the strongest part of the temptation, making it seem no sin to steal if he were not stealing for himself.

"It is *never right* to do *wrong*," said a faithful little voice within; "and it is wrong to take things that do not belong to you." It was conscience — that faithful little friend God puts within us — that spoke to George, and he heard it and minded it.

"Give me, O Lord, strength to do right," he said, and ran out of the room.

The next time he went to see Nelly, "See what kind Mrs. Bartram has brought her," said his mother, pointing to a fine plate of oranges on the table; and there was the very plateful he saw on the doctor's sideboard! How thankful George was that he had been preserved from giving way to temptation!

Sunday-school Herald.

THE faculty of making the most of our blessings is a very happy one. The Spaniard of whom Southey tells that he always put on his magnifying-glasses when he ate cherries, in order to make them seem larger, had the true philosophy of life.

"Counsel and Comfort."

For The Dayspring.

AUNT JANE'S MEDICINE-BOOK.

HUSH! hush! Reuben. How can you bounce in, and make such a noise, when you know it gives your poor sick sister such a headache?" And Lorinda stopped rubbing the tins to point to the room overhead.

Reuben sat down, and began pulling off his boots, like one accustomed to being scolded for similar short-comings. "What a bore it is," he exclaimed, "to live in a house with sick people! I do wish Elsie'd get well, or something."

"Oh, you naughty, wicked boy, to wish your sister dead! You'll be sorry enough some day."

"I didn't say I wished her dead: I only meant, I wish she would outgrow her nerves." At this moment the kitchen-door opened, and a pretty little girl entered, looking grave and weary.

"Hollo, Nan! what's up? You look as if you'd just come from a funeral!" exclaimed her brother.

"Mamma's been out," said the little girl: "and she left me to take care of Elsie; but I couldn't amuse her any way. I've been reading aloud; but she says I don't read well enough."

"Well, run away, children, and eat your luncheon," said Lorinda. "In a few minutes the big boys will be in; and your poor sick sister will have a time of it, if you're all in the house together at this hour."

"Nobody's thought of in this house but Elsie," said Reuben gloomily. "It's always 'Run out,' or 'Keep still,' or 'Don't do that;'" and one wouldn't complain if she was only satisfied."

"Well, you won't have to complain

long," answered Lorinda; "for she'll be gone soon."

"Gone where?" said Reuben with a startled look.

"Oh! your aunt has sent a letter, asking her to spend the summer at the island; and I believe she's to go."

The children exchanged glances, but said nothing, as they went out together with their pieces of gingerbread.

Two years before this, Elsie had met with a severe fall, which had injured her back, and prevented her walking. It was a great affliction to a gay little girl, ten years old, to give up school, and all joyful out-door life, and to be obliged to lie still in one room most of the time; and Elsie's temper and spirits suffered as well as her body.

The sick child in a home appeals very strongly to a mother's heart; and Mrs. Sage grieved deeply to see her little daughter lying on the couch day after day, pale and dispirited. She perceived too, with pain, that the restraints put upon the other children, for two years, had been harmful to them; and so, when the invitation came, she thought it best to accept, hoping the change might prove useful for all. At the prospect of parting, the brothers and sisters grew more indulgent towards one another; and, when the morning came for the little invalid to be taken on board the steamer which landed passengers at the island, all collected in Elsie's room, bringing little love-tokens. Ralph and Lewis had made, with their jig-saw, two pretty frames to hold photographs of their mother and father. Reuben brought a small hand-bag, and Annie some handkerchiefs she had hemmed herself. The trunk was filled by the loving mother with articles for her comfort, and Elsie's eyes were full of tears as she said good-by.

In happier days, when she was strong and well like the rest, she had been called the "sweet singer" of the household, as she possessed a wonderful voice; but, since her illness, no one had dared to ask her to sing, and an ominous stillness reigned in the house in the place of gay songs and merry laughter.

The voyage was a pleasant one; and great was the change of scene from a narrow street in a country town to a cottage directly on the shore, whence Elsie could see from her couch, drawn near the window, the waves dancing on the beach, and the distant sails of the fishing-vessels. Almost every man on the island was a fisherman, and Elsie's uncle followed the same humble calling.

Aunt Jenny was one of those persons who attract all hearts. The neighbors brought to her their cares and trials, sure of advice and sympathy. She had known many sorrows; but nothing had power to shake her trust in the dear heavenly Father.

After the work of the day was done, she used to take her sewing and sit with Elsie. One morning, on coming into the room, she found her little niece in tears.

"What's the matter, my darling?" she said, kissing her fondly. "I hope you're not getting homesick."

"Oh, no, auntie! I like to be here. But sometimes it does seem so hard to be useless all my days! I can never be a comfort to anybody."

"Don't think that, my child: there is plenty for you to do, even if you should be sick a long time; and you can always be a comfort."

"But, auntie, you don't know how fretful and disagreeable I had grown at home. Since I came here, I have had time to think about it."

"Sickness is apt to make us selfish, dear; and we forget that God expects us to do our duty, though it is in a different way from that in health."

"Aunt Jenny, what made you always so good?" said Elsie.

"I'm not good, dear: I only try very hard to be so. When I feel wrong, or soul-sick, I go and look in my medicine-book, and always find something to cure me."

"Your 'medicine-book,' auntie? Where did you get it?"

"Well, you know, I have had little money with which to buy books: so, whenever I have heard or read any words which touched my heart, I have copied them. To these I have added texts of Scripture which were full of comfort."

"Couldn't you find some medicine for me in it, Aunt Jenny?"

"Yes, dear. I'll bring the book, and read you what did me good when I was ill for many years. I found it in a sermon."

"If Christ should come to you in a vision, and say, 'Daughter, I wish some one in this town to serve me,' what would you say? 'Speak, Lord; for thy servant heareth.' And then he would say, 'I wish in this town some young person, full of hope, to teach the people that faith is strong enough to enable her to be sick and just lie still, that all may see what grace can do in the human heart.'"

"Now," said Aunt Jane, "when I read this, a sort of heroism crept into my heart, and the words were a kind of medicine to my discontent. But you are young, and I must find a different kind for you, Elsie."

"Thus it says here, 'If you are an invalid, try not to think much about yourself; plan some little kindness for others; cultivate plants; commit stories to memory; sing hymns and songs to cheer others; don't be exacting.'"

"Now, little Elsie, we will begin and follow some of these rules. You shall cultivate some plants."

"Oh, auntie! how can I, here on my couch?"

"I'll plan all that. You lie still while I call Denny, my neighbor's son, to help me."

For an hour or two Elsie heard a great noise at the back of the house, and a lively conversation between her aunt and her companion. Soon after, they came in, bringing between them a rough sort of flower-stand which Denny had nailed together. He looked rather shy at the stranger, but seemed pleased with his work. Next he brought up some plants, all in bloom, and a small watering-pot; promising, each morning, to bring a pail of water for Elsie to use.

These flowers were the source of great enjoyment to the sick girl. She watched their growth, and admired their beauty.

Sometimes she cut and arranged tiny bouquets, and Denny took them for her to sick persons in the neighborhood. The messages he brought back made her very happy.

One day, when Elsie was alone, she took up Aunt Jane's "medicine-book," and her eye caught these words: "Silver and gold have I none; but such as I have give I unto thee." "I wonder what I have to give," she thought to herself. "I'm sure I've no money. Auntie says I can keep singing through the world to cheer others."

That afternoon Denny came in, his face shining with pleasure, and said he had a surprise for her. But first she must be blindfolded, and let his father carry her out of doors. Elsie was delighted at the prospect of a change. When at last she was allowed to open her eyes, she found herself on a queer flat wagon, which Den-

ny's father had made with some little wheels and some old springs; and she found she was to be taken down on the soft beach. Denny walked in front, whistling "Marching through Georgia;" while Aunt Jenny held a parasol over her little niece's head. They drew the wagon very near the water, and Denny brought stones for Elsie to throw into the waves. While they were enjoying the grand scene around them, Elsie looked up suddenly, and exclaimed, "Auntie, I feel so happy, I should like to sing."

"That's right, dear. Denny and I would like that, of all things."

So Elsie sang a little Swiss song such as is heard among the mountains. Her voice was so sweet, and yet so powerful, that Denny sat spell-bound, while tears of joy stood in Aunt Jenny's eyes. A fisherman out in the distance heard her, and stood up and waved his handkerchief in token of pleasure.

"Don't say again that you've no mission, my child," said her aunt. "Think of the happiness you can give with your voice."

While they sat talking, a sudden fog settled down over the island, so heavy that it was impossible for the fishermen to see the shore. Aunt Jenny felt worried, as the time was near at hand for her husband and neighbors to return. As the air was mild, Elsie proposed remaining, and offered to sing, to attract the attention of the boatmen, and lead them away from the rocks in the right direction. Very soon the words she was singing, of "Home, sweet home," were answered from the boats; and, guided by her sweet voice, they drew safely to the shore. They thanked her cordially for the kind service she had rendered them.

In the autumn, Elsie went home. The sea-breezes had given her strength, and

dear Aunt Jane's medicine-book had taught her many sweet and useful lessons. It was no wonder that she made her home much happier by her return, since she filled it once more with cheerful songs, and acts of thoughtful kindness.

HELEN COUDARE.

PICKING VIOLETS.

"CHILDREN," said Miss Lynn after the morning lessons were over, "would you like to come out in the fields to have your dinner to-day, instead of playing in the school-yard? We could pick some prim-roses."

There was a universal shout of assent. The decorum of school-hours gave way to joyful prattle and chatter.

All the baskets were dragged out of the shed; all the hats and cloaks tied on. Two little tinies were struggling with their garments; one trying to push his arms into a little great-coat, the other to fasten a loose string into her hat. Miss Lynn pushed on the great-coat, and buttoned it.

"What do you say?"

"Thank you, mum." And the rosy little man ran off shouting after his comrades, kicking up his heels in wild delight.

The other little one, sickly and white, was standing by the porch, still struggling with the hat. A faded red ribbon was in her hand, a large pin in her mouth. She lifted melancholy brown eyes to Miss Lynn's face.

"Poor little woman!" said Daphne, looking compassionately at the thin little hands and pale cheeks. "Is your string loose? What a terrible pin! Is that all you have to fasten it with?"

"'Es, ma'am," in a timid whisper.

"It must hurt your head. If you fell down, it would run into you. Come into the house, and we will put a stitch in."

The little child held out its hand, and followed obediently.

"There," said Daphne, when the stitch had been put in: "now you can tie the hat as tight as you like, and roll in the grass all day without hurting yourself, and play with the others."

The child looked up wonderingly. Roll in the grass all day? Play with the others? She did not understand what such things meant. Her life had been all sitting still in the chimney-corner, hungry and cold; or standing, colder still, outside the door, till her mother had told her she might come in again. Not her own mother: you could see that in the child's face. The father had married again, lately, a rough, heartless, low woman, who used the child as a messenger, or as nurse to her healthy baby, and turned it out of doors at other times.

"Where's your dinner?" asked the schoolmistress, as she tied on her own bonnet, and opened the door to go out, having first seen that Mrs. Lynn had got hers, without any breaking of plates and upsetting of glasses by Eliza Ann.

The child put its wasted hand into its pocket, and drew out a dry crust of bread.

"Child! you don't mean that's all your dinner?"

Daphne pushed her hand in the pocket, herself, to make certain. As she turned it out, a few crumbs fell on the floor. The child stooped down, wet its finger, and picked them up one by one, putting each into its mouth, and smacking its lips in pleased content.

"Oh! little one," said the schoolmistress, the tears coming into her eyes (and Daphne's tears did not often come), "you shall have some better dinner if you wait a minute."

She cut a piece of cold meat and some

bread and cheese, and put it in the child's hands. It looked up hesitatingly into her face.

"Yes, you may eat it now, as fast as you like, as we go along. We must run, though, or we sha'n't catch the other children." But the child's legs were so weak, it could not run. They followed the merry voices of the children down the village.

Miss Lynn, sitting down on the dryest grass she could find, under a large elm-tree, took a reel of thread from her pocket, and began tying up violets.

"Oh! but I don't mean them all to be brought to me," she said, as child after child rushed up with its hot hand full, and threw them in her lap.

They all stood still, their faces falling.

"Do you *like* best to give them to me, children?" she asked.

"Yes, ma'am!" said a chorus of voices.

"Then I like them," said Daphne. She did not thank them; but they all understood the pleased look in her eyes.

"And won't you pick violets too?" she said, seeing the pale little child was standing at her side alone, the dinner finished, and the wistful look come back to its face.

It looked helplessly at her.

"Poor little thing! you don't know how to play or to pick flowers. Schoolmistress must teach you that by and by, before you learn letters. But now you may come and sit on my dress, — not on the grass; it is a little damp. Look at these beautiful violets that God has made! Your name is a flower's name, isn't it? Aren't you called Lily?"

"'Es 'am," in a less timid whisper.

"You like dinner better than violets, don't you, Lily?" said Daphne, peeping under her hat, and patting the pale cheeks.

"But we need both, I think."

"JONATHAN."

C. DORA NICKERSON.

C. DORA NICKERSON, a frequent and valued contributor to the "Dayspring," "passed on" from this life on the 24th of April.

Young in years, she had borne her share of earthly burthens. She entered the School of Oratory in Boston, preparatory to becoming a teacher in that neglected branch of education.

But, nearly a year ago, she was called to the more difficult task of "waiting;" and after a severe illness, lasting from that time, she laid down the often disappointing activities of earth for the restful usefulness of heaven.

TEN GOOD FRIENDS.

"I wish that I had some good friends to help me on in life!" cried idle Dennis, with a yawn.

"Good friends! why, you have ten!" replied his master.

"I'm sure I haven't half so many, and those I have are too poor to help me."

"Count your fingers, my boy," said his master.

Dennis looked at his large strong hands.

"Count thumbs and all," added the master.

"I have: there are ten," said the lad.

"Then never say you have not got ten good friends, able to help you on in life. Try what those true friends can do before you begin grumbling and fretting because you do not get help from others."

Selected.

To be prudent in announcing your opinions, patient in considering those of others, temperate and forbearing in argument, are indispensable characteristics of a gentleman.

Charles Joseph Bonaparte.



FRITZ AND HIS MONKEYS.

FRITZ AND HIS MONKEYS.

No wonder Fritz looks so cheerful, with a good hand-organ that he has earned with his own brown hands, and two comical monkeys that were given to him by a wharfinger, who has more live stock in course of a year than he knows what to do with.

Fritz was gloomy enough when he first came over, a stranger, with no knowledge of our language. But he did not wait to find work that he liked; and was so industrious and faithful in small jobs, that he soon found better employment. And now, as the balmy season is coming on, he, with blithe heart, shakes the dust of the noisy city from his feet, and seeks the open country. He is at home with nature. The sky is his gallery of pictures; the earth spreads her velvet carpet, starred with flowers, for his sometimes weary feet; and if, with his musical ear, he grows tired of grinding over and over the same tunes, the birds furnish him with a full orchestra of notes he vainly tries to imitate.

He calls Jack Hold-back, and Mico Go-ahead: and, if Jack looks "down in the mouth," Fritz hesitates about going into a house-yard, even if he is drawn to it himself; but, if Mico springs on his shoulder, he marches in with a proud air, sure that there are those who know that even a hand organ-grinder has his use, and earns his money, trudging for miles for a few pennies, and often exposed to the sharp wind or the burning sun, to say nothing of the heavy organ on weary shoulders.

If a *curmudgeon* orders him roughly away with, "Begone, great hearty fellow, who ought to be digging instead of going round with monkeys!" he says to himself, "Better luck next time." And perhaps the luck will be at the next house, — little chil-

dren clambering to the window-seats, or running to the yard with ready pennies and gleeful laugh, dancing to the merry tunes, and screaming with delight over the charming monkeys, lifting their hats and taking the money.

And Fritz knows, as the summer advances, that he can find shelter at noonday in the pine-woods with their spicy odors, where he can think or dream of fatherland, and where there may be birds or other woodland creatures not too shy to share his bread, or listen to the songs by which he used to persuade the forest-birds at home that some stranger of their own species was making love to their abode. Do you not wish a prosperous summer to Fritz and his faithful friends Jack and Mico?

WHAT TO DRINK.

The lily drinks the sunlight;
The primrose drinks the dew;
The cowslip sips the running brook;
The hyacinth, heaven's blue;
The peaches quaff the dawn-light;
The pears, the autumn noon;
The apple-blossoms drink the rain,
And the first warm air of June;

The wild flower and the violet
Draw in the April breeze;
And the sun and rain and hurricane
Are the tippie of the trees.
But not a bud or greenling,
From the hyssop on the wall
To the cedars of Mount Lebanon,
Is steeped in alcohol.

From all earth's emerald basin,
From the blue sky's sapphire bowl,
No living thing of root or wing
Partakes that deadly dole.
I'll quaff the lily's nectar;
I'll sip of the cowslip's cup;
I'll drink the shower, the sun, the breeze;
But *never* the poisoned drop.

Selected.

LUCY'S FUR FRIENDS.

CHAPTER VII.

Ground in the Mill.

CAPRILLE managed to escape with the last guests from the birthday-party, and to crawl to the barn after her fright. I dozed, with one eye open, till a light sound through the panel-crack startled me wide awake.

What did I see? Dr. Clive, his spectacles on his forehead, Miss Anita, with her near-sighted eyes looking larger than usual, were staring at Mount in his night-gown, sitting on the edge of the brass fender, with his back exposed to the wood-fire.

Dr. Clive seemed turned to stone. But Miss Anita, remembering how dangerous it is to startle a sleep-walker, took Mount gently by the hand and led him from the room. I pitied her for being obliged to return. I never could have done it. I should have hidden under the eaves.

Dr. Clive cleared his throat, and said grimly, "Lucy is the image of her doll of a mother. I've no doubt *she* walked in her sleep every night of her life. But that my fine boy, a true Clive, whom I have to shake awake in the morning, that he should walk in his sleep is more than I can stand. These lessons, instead of being out-doors all the time, have upset his nerves. He may grow up a dunce, for all I care, before he shall become a *molly-coddle*. I shall be glad to have you spend the summer with us. But there will be no more lessons."

"Thank you, uncle, for the invitation. But I could not be happy away from my mother if I were idle. I prefer to go home. Aunt Betty may hear of some other place for me."

Lucy cried as if her heart would break,

as she tried to help her cousin pack her trunk.

"Nothing pleasant lasts," she said.

"Lucy, dear, there are other ways of studying than in books. As you look out the window, when you walk, you must keep your eyes open, your mind thoughtful. Then you will learn of yourself far better than I could teach you. The insects, the flowers, the trees, are live books, which only need to be opened to teach you the freshest, brightest lessons. You are not strong; and, if your grandfather thinks air and exercise better for you than poring over printed books, we must not gainsay him."

"But I should be so much happier learning with you in the garden!"

"When two love one another, dear child, they are not apart; and I shall like so much to hear all you are doing and feeling! Grandpapa told me to write to you; and you must give me good long answers about the cats and all."

"I never wrote a letter," said Lucy. But I saw, through the slats of the blind, that she smiled through her tears.

"And, Lucy, I've a bit of advice. Look your grandfather straight in the face, as Mount does; and do not be afraid to tell him the truth. Then you will learn to love him more, and fear him less."

"Grandpapa never blames Mount; but he scolds me just the same for inking my apron as for taking a cold."

"Try," said cousin Anita with a sigh: "we can always try. If you try, you'll be nearer to me in Methuen, than if I were here, and you did not love me well enough to follow my advice. And, child, remember I have been through the same mill."

"Mill!"

"Yes: just as the grain we saw ground

in the village, we, little and old, are ground in the mill of trial."

"Are we never ground fine enough to stop?" asked Lucy, so forlornly that her cousin laughed.

"I hope so, dear. The good Father knows why we need to be sifted. It did me good, though it was not pleasant. I was a selfish, thoughtless child. What do you think changed me? One day I saw my mother's face" —

"Did she keep it covered with a veil?"

"No. But, as you grow older, you will find how often we see without seeing. One day I saw how sad, how pale, how worn, my mother's face was; and, when I saw it, I said in my heart, 'I'm her eldest child. I will help her.' And I began to help her from that day."

"Helping her did not grind you in the mill?"

"Not exactly: still it was not easy to give up pleasing myself, to get over my idle habits, and amuse the children when they were cross, and keep James from teasing them."

"If you could only be good all in a heap; be like a clock, wound up, and going straight for eight days!"

"Don't you remember how it worried you to think of washing and dressing three hundred and sixty-five times every year of your life? and did the sum on your slate, of how many times it would be if you lived to be seventy years old?"

"Yes, cousin; and then you said I should not have to do it three hundred and sixty-five times in one day. And, now, once a day does not seem so very hard."

Mount hid in the garden, not to bid good-by when the evil day came. He was ashamed of being so sorry. Lucy kept up so brave a heart, that her cousin whispered to her, "I see you are beginning to be

ground." Miss Anita did not forget to stroke even poor me as I lay blinking on the window-ledge.

In going, she had the good wishes of the Whisker family; for we, one and all, pitied dear Lucy for losing the society of so true a friend.

CHAPTER VIII.

Mount goes off with Bat Kelly.

ONE pleasant effect of Miss Anita's going back to Methuen was Lucy and Mount's coming oftener to the barn. Not content with seeing them there, I followed them up and down the garden-paths, which, being covered with grass sods, were soft and cool to my paws. I preferred to go alone with Lucy; for then she carried me in her arms, and talked to me of her cousin. One day she said, "I wonder if dear cousin is thinking of me now? Go, soft cloud, and ask what her thought is like. Tell her I'm dull without her. How Mount laughs! That's why he had the dimples. Grandpa says his laugh would be a fortune on the stage; but, if one must laugh to be rich, I was born a beggar-child."

"Here, Tab, jump down. I want to look at cousin's note. She says 'children were not meant to be exactly alike, but always their own best selves.' No, Tab, no: there's no cake in my pocket. You mustn't be always thinking of eating: your eyes will drop out of your bonnet, I mean out of your head, if you do. I like a pocket. I wonder boys did not have them all: they do have the most. I wonder if I am always to 'try,' always to be ground in a mill. You great staring peony, wouldn't you prefer to be a rose? I should want to be one of these darling little blue Swedish star-flowers, kissing the ground. I wonder if I might have one sprig.

Mount picks a whole bunch wherever he likes" —

"What are you about?" cried Dr. Clive, who was resting in the arbor. "I told you to let the flowers alone."

"You wouldn't have minded if I had broken it," said Mount, with an elf-like smile, as he leaned from a cherry-tree, his lips red enough to show that fruit, as well as flowers, was free to him.

Lucy blushed. It seemed to me the old doctor had most reason to. Perhaps he thought so for once; for he returned silently to the house. Soon Lucy followed. The garden had lost its charm for that day.

"Are you there, Tab?" she asked; for I had doubled my paws on the windowledge. "You are my shadow. If you want the sprig, take it." For I tried to catch it, thinking Lucy was poking it at me through the slats of the blind. Then I was glad Lucy began to read aloud out of *Visit to the Seaside*, — a story-book of Aunt Betty's, that Miss Anita had left for Lucy's amusement. After a few pages, Lucy began to talk again. "How cool it sounds! Seaweed, dashing waves, rocks: shall I ever see them? Am I most like Mary or Fanny Stewart? I'm not so good as Mary: and yet I think I'm most like her; for, though I'm not so ill, I'm often sorry. Besides, Fanny likes herself very much, while Mary is humble. Mount is no more afraid than Fanny; but he's not so conceited. Think of the Stewarts not only having a visit to the sea-side, but such pleasant relations too, such a dear grandmother and aunt, and such a funny uncle, if they were not afraid of his laughing at them! But, if I could have kept cousin Anita, they might have had the rest."

That afternoon, while Dr. Clive was

taking his nap, Mount ran down the hill, and went off in a boat with Bat Kelly. When Lucy returned from a pleasant visit to Pansy Bank, where she had been allowed to pet Mrs. Dinah to her heart's content, she called in vain for Mount.

Dr. Clive ordered garden, barn, wood-house, roof, to be searched. Then the village was scoured. At nine, when the doctor was too alarmed to be angry, the truant, muddy, wet, dejected, crept in at the back-door. Packed to bed in silence, Mount lay awake reflecting on his disobedience and narrow escape from drowning.

Lucy dared not attempt to comfort her grandfather, or appease his anger, but was glad to go to bed; for it seemed as if he had suddenly grown old, he looked so anxious and careworn.

I watched him through the panel-crack as he shivered and drew near the fire, though it was not a cold night. A cat can pity as well as look at a king; and for the first time I pitied the old doctor, as he murmured, "Black sheep." For I knew it would be better for Mount to be a day-laborer and an honest man than to own the whole of Harmony Hill sown with gold, and be a "black sheep" into the bargain. I wondered if the old doctor did not regret that night, that Mount's mother, "dabby" woman as he called her, had not lived to bring up the wayward boy. I think that night the doctor saw a woman was of use in keeping boys straight by making them love them.

But the next day Dr. Clive seemed to have forgotten Mount's disobedience, and to be only anxious to repay him for his last night's just anger by extra indulgence.

Lucy's wistful glance asked, "Would you forgive me as soon?"

"What a queer world!" thought I, "and growing queerer every day."

OLD FAMILY PORTRAITS.

"DAUGHTER, they softly say,
Peace to thy heart!
We, too, yes, daughter, have
Been as thou art:
Hope lifted, doubt depressed,
Seeing in part;
Tried, troubled, tempted,
Sustained, as thou art.
Our God is *thy* God;
What he willeth is best:
Trust him as we trusted,
Then rest as we rest."

Mrs. Southey.

A PETITION.

"To the farmers, gardeners, fathers and mothers of the neighborhood, the humble petition of the undersigned respectfully sheweth:—

"That, for many years past, we have been subject to most cruel persecutions from unmerciful boys, who, in the spring-time, destroy our happiness by stealing our nests, and taking our eggs and young; and, in the winter, by chasing us from hedge to hedge with branches of trees, and knocking us down and killing us, so that there are very few of us left.

"Your petitioners also show that they cheer you with their song, they never touch your corn or crops, but live chiefly upon your enemies, the grub, the caterpillar, and the plant-louse, which destroy your gooseberries and currants, your cabbages and fruit trees, and are now at-

tacking your wheat, oats, and beans. We therefore humbly solicit your help; for, if you allow us all to be so cruelly destroyed, our kind Creator, who made us to enjoy our lives, and for a good purpose, will permit *insects*, unchecked, to increase, and destroy the produce of your fields and gardens. We remain your true and best friends,

COCK ROBIN. CUDDY.

JENNY WREN. TOM TIT.

BILLY BITER."

The above is the copy of a bill, in large type, which has recently been circulated in Thirsk and neighborhood. It is worthy of being read by every farmer in the nation.

Do we not need a similar petition in America?

LITTLE words, not eloquent speeches or sermons; little deeds, not miracles nor battles,—make up the true Christian life. The little constant sunbeams, not the lightning; the waters of Siloam, "that go softly" in the meek mission of refreshment, not the waters of "the river great and many" rushing down in torrent, noise, and force,—are the true symbols of a holy life.

"It is a curious fact, that a magnet loses not a particle of its power by giving power to others. A steel bar, when it has been magnetized, may magnetize a thousand other bars, and still be just as powerful as ever." So the soul, magnetized with goodness, will magnetize a thousand other souls, and still be just as powerful as ever.

COSEY CORNER.

How the months fly round! Soon our Cosey Corner will be a grassy bank or a garden seat, far from a fire and all winter cheerfulness. The stinging cold is hard to bear; but I should not care to live in a perpetual summer. When I was a child, the simple winter evening treat, as we gathered around the hearth, was a pippin-apple with Hartford shagbarks. Now, in winter, we have our red Baldwin, or golden russet. But it is time to put nuts and apples away with our muffs and snow-boots; and yet there is a nut we are bound to crack the year round, — the nut of behavior.

Do you not catch from your playmates rough words, that you use, with a notion that they sound manly?

I was calling on a lady; and her boy, perhaps eight years old, getting tired of our last words (and I don't say that we are not silly in having too many of them), cried out, "If you don't go, I'll knock your head off!"

Now, with his gentle mother, where had he caught those rude words? When he grew up a fine young man, respected and beloved, what would he have said if I had repeated to him his rude speech?

The other day, a lady said to two very small children, whom she passed on the road, "Isn't it too far for you to be from home?" — "No, 'tisn't, you pig!" said the smallest, a boy. He had caught that ugly word from an elder brother or school-mate, and thought it mighty funny.

What do you think of boys who hunch each other at Sunday school; take things from their pockets; look over at other classes; and must be asked a question, or called by name, to give attention to the lesson?

Do you know the Golden Rule by heart?

Yes, by heart; so you can keep your own face still, though a companion makes faces in singing, and looks very queer. It is no fault of his that he is plain or awkward; no virtue of yours that you are handsome. And you will not long be handsome; for it is the expression of a face that lasts, and unkind feelings and unkind acts stamp themselves upon it.

Besides, though your schoolmate may not notice that you are laughing at him, and your teacher may not, your best Friend is looking silently at you, and saying to himself, "How can this child, who does not love his brother, whom he has seen, love me, whom he has not seen?"

Ah! if you live to be as old as I am, you will feel, that, even if it were kind, there is not time to laugh at what is awkward, any more than there is time to cry at what is not pleasant. Think it over in your quiet hour, — for *one quiet* hour you should always have, — and ask yourself if your nut of behavior be smooth, easy to crack, sweet to taste.

TO BLOSSOMS.

FAIR pledges of a fruitful tree,

Why do ye fall so fast?

Your date is not so past,

But you may stay yet here a while,

To blush and gently smile,

And go at last.

What, were ye born to be

An hour or half's delight,

And so to bid good-night?

'Twas pity Nature brought ye forth,

Merely to show your worth,

And lose you quite.

But you are lovely leaves, where we

May read how soon things have

Their end, though ne'er so brave:

And, after they have shown their pride,

Like you, a while, they glide

Into the grave.

R. Herrick.

CHILDREN's troubles are like the rippling disturbance of a summer stream by the throwing-in of a little stone; and the surface of their lives is soon as smooth again as the laughing brook, and all signs of trouble are past. But let them strive, while they are young and life is fresh, to control their tempers; for it is not so when years have passed over their heads: *then* giving way to anger is sad and serious. It is not like the light stone sent skimming over the surface of the placid stream, and disturbing its quiet but for a moment: it is like the plunge of a heavy weight into the mighty river, where the circles caused by the disturbance of the water spread out farther and farther, one beyond the other; and who can tell where they shall end?

Selected.

JEWISH HISTORY. Told for Children.

Boston: Horace B. Fuller.

This little book, under the title of "The Bible Story," is in the first Catalogue of the Ladies' Commission. It has been out of print for some time.

Those of us, who, at a parent's knee, learned the beautiful Bible stories about Joseph, Moses, and Samuel, will readily admit how useful such a book may be in talk with the children, whether in Sunday school or at home; their answers to the questions at the end of the book serving to prove what they gain from the talk. In Sunday-school libraries, also, this book would have use and interest. It seems to us well adapted to answer its purpose,—"to give children some connected idea of the formation of the Jewish nation, and of its growth up to the time of Christ."

ACROSTIC.

1. A MIGHTY warrior on a rock,
No greater monarch wears a crown.
2. A maid who never owned a frock,
You'll find me when the sun goes down.
3. A living tomb beneath the skies,
My offspring at my breast I nurse.
4. Of Paradise I claimed the keys,
And sang of man in stately verse.
5. O'er Holland once my line bore away,
And ripened in the southern shade.
6. With ruddy breast I fly away,
And oft in writing round am made.
7. Upon one foot I spin around,
And over all things else am found.

ANSWER TO BISHOP OF OXFORD'S TRUNK.

A WONDERFUL structure, surpassing all art
That mortal could mould or science impart,
The last work of creation, in the perfected plan
Of Almighty direction, was given to *man*,
With a *chest* and two *eyelids*, and a *cap* to each knee.
For the musical instruments next we must see
The *pipe* and the *organ*: if these will not do,
I will throw in the *bones* to make melody too.
Next, I think that a *foot* and a *hand* and a *pole*
Of these well-known measures will make up the whole.

The carpenter's need, I think you'll agree,
Is met, when the *nails* in his basket you see.
Two *soles*, I suppose, are the two esteemed fishes;
The smaller tribe, *muscles*, will make up the dishes.
The two lofty trees in *palm* trees we meet.
The fine flowers are *two lips*, whose breath is so sweet;

And, by fruit of the plant, I think *marrow* is meant.
The handsome young stag is a *hart* of content;
And *calves* are the skittish young animals. Now,
To answer the next, I really don't know how;
For the wild little *hares*, which in love-locks we see,
Make me wish that one love-lock, at last, might be for me.

The sweet little *temples* of worship, I know,
Will ever be found on woman's fair brow.
For the weapons of warfare, I'm told, "*tooth* and *nail*:"

In my humble belief, loving *arms* will prevail.
A number of weathercocks, truly, are *vains*;
And the *insteps*, with boots, we all see when it rains.
The students or scholars, bright *pupils*, I ween,
In the eyes that we love, may always be seen.
My task is now done with the *ten-den* grandees:
I must now take my task to attend on the bees.

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